

CHARIVARIA.

"WITH fuel at its present price," remarked a callous editor as he sat in the editorial chair, "these stacks of Spring poems come in very handy."

The Lambeth swimming baths, it is announced, will be closed during the Coal Strike. The effect of this will be to give Lambeth the appearance of having a large collier population in its midst.

The need for the proposed Labour paper is now more apparent than ever, for the entire Press is failing to give the men right in the Coal dispute.

Imagine, if you can, the excitement at Victoria Station when a party of obvious Suffragettes was heard asking for tickets for the Crystal Palace.

It is being asked: Why did the Suffragettes choose the London Opera House for their meeting last week? It is forgotten that the name of the proprietor is one calculated to make a quite exceptional appeal to them. Translated it means Hammer and Stone.

As *The Mind the Paint Girl* is proving such a success, it will perhaps be followed by *The Keep off the Grass Widow*.

The Chinese troops in Pekin are evidently suffering from swelled head. They have been looting the city as though for all the world they were the representatives of the leading European armies.

A Berlin graphologist, *The Globe* tells us, has been devoting his attention to the KAISER's signature, and finds it signifies pertinacity, energy, audacity, a feeling of superiority, with a difficulty in suppressing the "ego." We have never graphologised ourselves, but we cannot help thinking that to tell the character of a public man who is well known must present fewer difficulties than in other cases.

The Times has been drawing attention to the difficulty of getting a motor-bus to stop for the individual passenger. We believe that a fairly efficacious means is to lie down in the road in front of the vehicle. You will find that in nine cases out of ten it will stop before reaching you.

Sir LUKE FILDES is said to feel it acutely that, when burglars recently visited his house, they did not consider any of his pictures worth taking.

A lady residing at Graudenz, Silesia, charged with poisoning her husband and parents, has been found guilty as regards her husband, but has been acquitted as regards her parents. She will therefore only be executed once.

A tortoiseshell butterfly on the wing and a ladybird were seen near the cliffs at Ventnor last week. It is presumed that they were on their honeymoon.

A fox which was hard pressed by the Essex Union Hounds entered a house in the High Street, Billericay, and bolted upstairs into a bedroom. When found he pretended to be a wolf rehearsing Red Riding Hood for a cinematograph show, but his tale was cut short.



Loafer (to navy who is digging road). "ULLO, BILL! FOUND ANY COAL YET?"

The rights of playgoers have been vindicated once more. A spectator in a Paris court last week found the manner of speech of a witness so halting and irritating that he went up to him, boxed his ears, and then left.

We have not had to wait long for the inevitable reaction against the Russian ballet. A party of elephants is now appearing at the Alhambra, and the stage has had to be specially strengthened to bear their weight.

It has been left to *The Manchester Guardian* to discover the real cause of the Unionist victory at Manchester. On polling day, it seems, a black cat walked through every room at the Oxford Road Unionist offices. Our Liberal contemporary does not, however, point out that it may have been the symbol of the black strike.

In this country the words "Art" and "Artist" are so often used in a strangely restricted sense that it came as something of a surprise to us, the other day, to find a gentleman delivering a lecture on "The Meat Industry (the Pig and Its Products)" at the Royal Society of Arts.

PRIZES FOR ALL.

MR. HARRY LAUDER, who, as we stated last week, has offered to give £5 to any man, or £10 to any two men, who will frame a measure to settle the miners' strike, has determined not to confine his generosity to rewarding the efforts of those who are successful in settling the coal strike. He has empowered us, in his name, to offer the following valuable cash and other prizes with a view to establishing Peace, Prosperity and Happiness both at Home and Abroad:—

30/- to anyone who so explains the Insurance Act as to make it palatable to both the Doctors and the Doctored.

£1 to the man who brings about a better understanding between this country and Germany. (N.B.—Any bust or statuette which the winner may receive to become the property of the prize-giver.)

10/- to anyone who stops the Turko-Italian war within the next fortnight.

Two PRIZES of 5/- each to the persons who frame (1) a Home Rule Bill that will be acceptable to Ireland and unobjectionable to Great Britain; (2) a Home Rule Bill that will be acceptable to Great Britain and unobjectionable to Ireland.

3/- to any person, and 6/- to any two persons, who can successfully end the Crisis in China.

SIGNED PHOTOGRAPHS of HARRY LAUDER to any man, woman or child who will Terminate the Trouble with the Telephones.

NOTE! CONSOLATION PRIZES, consisting of 12 Coloured Picture Postcards of Mr. HARRY LAUDER's Country Seat at Dunoon, will be presented to the first 12 unsuccessful competitors.

Good News for the Schoolboy.

"There are 50,000,000 huge sums hanging in space."—*Leeds Mercury*.

"Lost—a month ago, 2 ducks, one with white nose and white neck, and one white with long hair; please return."

Advt. in "*Vancouver Daily Province*."

Our own duck, Geoffrey, with the pink ears and the lemon-coloured fur, came back last night.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE ABATEMENT.

I.

As Charles has said, "It is an ill strike that brings nobody any good," and, if we do run out of coal eventually, life in London may be cooler, but it will be a deal cleaner. It is tobacco smoke, however, that we are engaged in abating at this period.

Charles and I share a room in professional chambers. When he comes in the morning, he brings his father's *Times* with him, I my own *Daily Mail*. When we have read our own papers we change; when we have read each other's papers we have finished for the morning. (You know now what the majority of barristers mean when they talk importantly of their "papers.") It then becomes necessary to go out and look for lunch. It was on the Tuesday before Lent began that the resolution was formed. I had had a heavy morning's work (there had been no fewer than three supplements to *The Times*) and I went out to have a heavy lunch, to even things up. Fortunately for my purpose I discovered pancakes on the menu. I ate them, and later on in the afternoon they discovered me; but I have forgiven them, because they were very good pancakes, and, moreover, the mention of them enabled Charles to identify the day as Shrove Tuesday, and to draw the deduction that we were on the verge of the self-denial period.

"We will," we said, coming at once to the point, "give up smoking in Lent," and we shook each other's hand proudly and congratulated each other warmly. But Lent, of course, did not begin till the next morning.

II.

The worst of life is that next morning always comes.

"I have an idea," said Charles, fingering his pouch affectionately.

"So have I," I replied, "but it would be hardly decent to broach it thus early in the proceedings. Let us hang on to our resolution for one day, at any rate."

"I was not going to suggest altogether giving up the giving up, but only to remark that we must not be over-reaching even in our virtues. I have been in communication with a man who does this sort of thing every year, and he tells me that No-Smoking-before-Dinner is the more orthodox practice. Let us be good, Lumpy" (that's me), "but let us not be ostentatious in our goodness."

I wore the appearance of a man who is abandoning his dearest and most

loved principle in order to oblige a friend, as I replied, "Very well, if your heart is set upon it. No Smoking before Dinner."

III.

Any legislator will tell you that the really tricky part about his business is getting the definitions right. For instance, if a law is made forbidding smoking before dinner, there will be trouble for a certainty, unless it is very particular to say exactly what it means by "dinner." Of course, if it simply does not attempt a definition at all, it is bound to be evaded. I should have been a poor lawyer if I could not get round a law like that, even at two o'clock in the afternoon, *siesta* time.

"Everybody knows," said Charles, as a last protest against my learned argument, "that dinner is the meal you have about seven-thirty or eight."

"You think only," I retorted, "of the upper class. I prefer to think of the ruling class, which dines at mid-day. The mass is always right now-a-days. Therefore, I have dined, and, in accordance with the terms of my contract, I will now smoke."

Charles tried once more before giving in. "You'll be in a fix for something to do when you get to seven-thirty. Having dined now, what will you do then?"

"I shall sup," I said.

"So shall I," said Charles, producing a pipe.

IV.

About a week later, "I hate breakfast without the after-breakfast pipe," said Charles tentatively.

"Then give up breakfast," I suggested.

The idea did not appear to commend itself to him at the time, but later on it occurred to him that it was at least an idea.

V.

Charles is conscientious, undoubtedly conscientious. In coming to the reluctant conclusion that dinner, after all, may be eaten at any time of the day, in accordance with the tastes and needs of the consumer, and that it will still be dinner even at 9 A.M., he has insisted on the restriction that it cannot honestly consist of tea (or coffee), poached eggs and marmalade. So, dining first thing after getting up, he insists on eating a chop and drinking cold drinks. He buoys himself up with the prospect of his rapidly approaching after-dinner pipe.

In adopting his line of argument, I fancy I have materially improved upon it. It occurred to me, while I was lying in bed this morning and watching my man Morton filling my

bath, that something must be done to mitigate the shock of this cold water in the mornings.

"By the way, Morton," I said, "I will take some coffee after dinner in future."

I went back to sleep and had another idea.

"By the way, Morton," I said, "when you bring in the meal, you might as well bring it all together. It will save you journeys to and fro. Bring it all in, and put it all on the table at once—all, including the coffee and the—er—dessert."

"The dessert, Sir?"

"Yes, the preserved orange," I explained with, I fear, something approaching a wink.

Lent is all right, if you treat it properly... The chop I never objected to.

THE BELGIAN PINAFORE.

'Twas bought in Bruges, the shop was poor,

One read "*Au Bèbe*" flourished o'er
The ancient lintel; to that door

No English guinea

Had ever come nor travelled gold
Gladdened her gaze, that woman old,
Who tottered from the gloom and sold
The Belgian "pinny."

I mind me choosing in the place

A cap with frills of little lace;

"That too," I said, "shall come to grace
My Small and Sweet."

Prim in her pinafore arrayed

I pictured Betsey while I strayed

Where, all the time, the proud bells
played

Above the street.

And now upon the roguish sprite
Who in the yard with such delight
Partakes the ancient sunning right

Of stable cats,

The Belgian "pinny" flaunts its hue,
Still the same stripe of white and blue
As, Betsey, when 'twas dyed for you
In Flemish vats.

Still of its old lost life it tells

And alien provenance; there are spells
And glamour of the Town of Bells

About it shed,

And when my Belgian Betsey climbs
My knee I've heard a hundred times
The clash and ripple of the chimes
Around her head,

As though the child herself did play
Without some white estaminet
Shuttered and silent where, all day

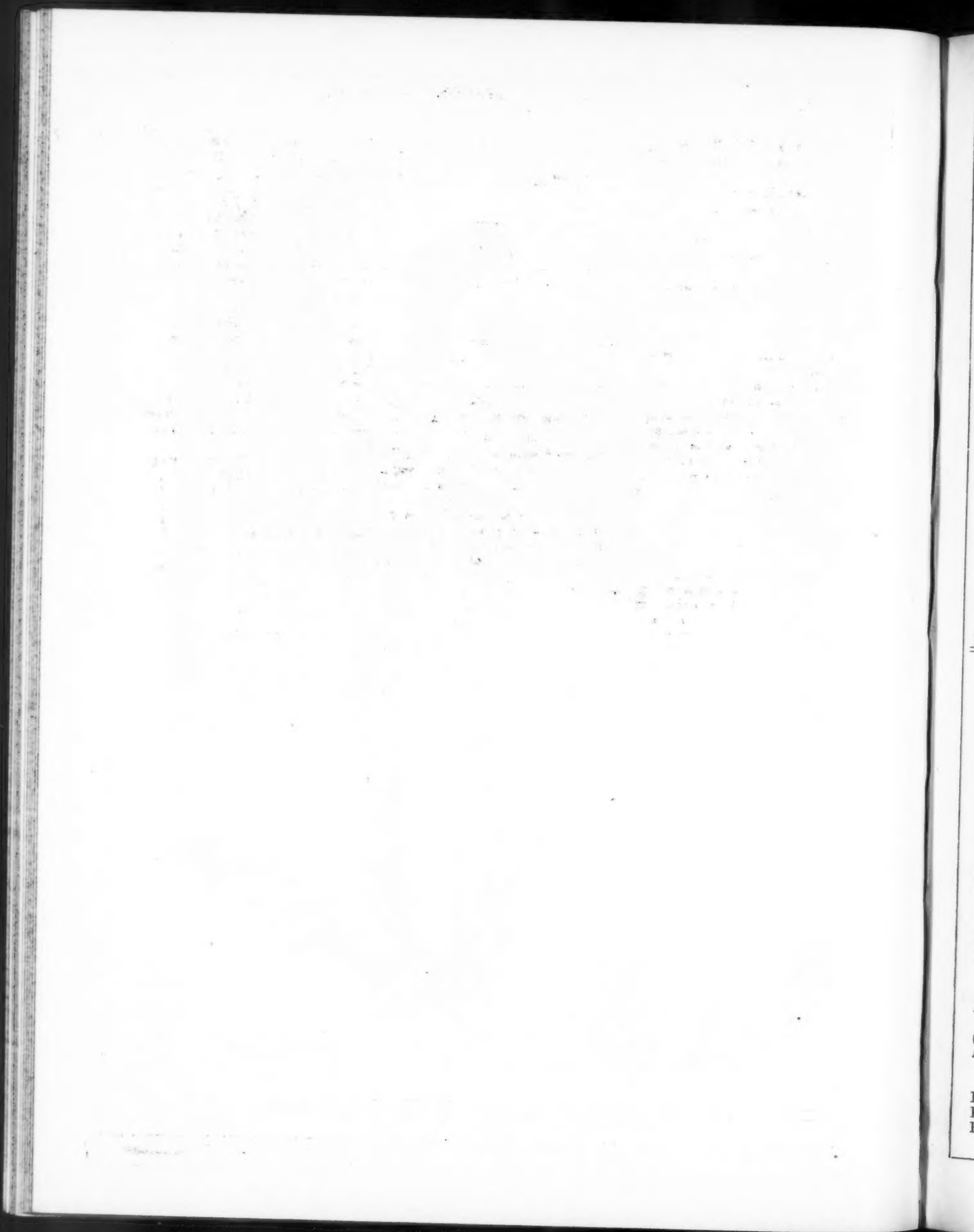
In sun and shower,

Two little lions with stone grins
Hold 'scutcheons under paws and chins
And their divine appellat' dins
The honoured hour.



IN THE HOUSE OF HER FRIENDS.

"TO THINK THAT, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I SHOULD BE THE FIRST MARTYR."





Poulterer. "THIS DUCK SCAGGY, MUM! WHY, THE LAST CUSTOMER WOT COME INTO THIS SHOP SAYS TO ME, SHE SAYS, 'AND 'OW MUCH IS THAT GOOSE!'"

TO A MARCH BROWN.

ONCE more come clarion and blue-hearted dawns,
And Springtide plays her yearly hocus-pocus,
Her magic of high March that decks the lawns
With those her floral fays and leprechauns,
The yellow daff and the green sheathed crocus—
When through the city softer winds envoke us
To where the streams run down,
And the stark fells above the birch-woods frown,
And you first move upon the waters, Mr. Brown!

A coy bacillus, fair ephemerid,
For some weeks past I've felt you in my being,
Till lately I have come on you amid
My daily toil, and softly you have slid
Across the half-writ page, till to my seeing
Have come green fields, and bosomed clouds a-fleeing.
And mill-stream's foam-flecked fuss,
And banks of primrose, rathe, auriferous;
"And thus," I've said, "I'd cast your counterfeit, and
thus;"

And, rising, I have taken to me rods
From the retreat where they have been reclining
(Waiting your whisper, best of naiant gods,)
And idly I've withdrawn the brass-bound wads,
And built them up, the supple and the shining,
As men build hopes, and felt my fingers twining
In that whole-hearted squeeze,
Kept for tried friends and mates of ancient ease,
Round handles ardent from the Southern corkwood
trees!

Thus then I yield me to your influence,
Shy flutterer of the hill-stream and the river,
Thus does your primal message thrill each sense,
Your wings susurrant seem to call me hence
To grey keen waters where the catkins quiver,
And I, responsive, do acclaim you giver
Of these right god-sent spells
Of dancing streams and far-off waiting fells,
And stop to look up trains and write about hotels.

When other men shall have the mind to praise
June's jovial bug of carnival and riot,
That blossoms with wild roses and red mays,
He the green-drake, who sets whole streams ablaze
With mottled monsters taking change of diet,
By pool and shallow, osier-bed or eyot,
I'll swear by Mr. Brown
Who, in his chill wan water's sober gown,
Is yearly first to bid me forth again from Town!

From *The Arrival of Antony*, by DOROTHEA CONYERS:—

"When Marcus Aurelius spurred his horse into the chasm he did
it in no more heroic spirit than Antony made answer."
In the circumstances it would have been nice of *Antony*
to have quoted MARCUS AURELIUS—a line or two from his
funeral oration over CÆSAR, say.

Literary Ghosts.

"Since writing my last notes on the Boat Race the crews have left
their respective Universities."

MR. GUY NICKALLS in *The Morning Post*.
This is indeed getting the news straight from the stable.

À PARIS.

It has suddenly become an accepted article of our family policy that—with an exception which, since it is John, may properly be described as puerile—we are all going to Paris for Easter and are to stay there for a week or ten days. How do these things happen? I give you my word of honour that a week or so ago I had not the slightest definite intention of going to Paris *en père de famille* or even *en garçon*. Some vague and incautious words I may have let slip pointing to a remote, nay, to an impossible, future, in which it would be agreeable for me to re-visit Paris and do a round of restaurants and theatres—for me alone, mind you, not for me and three little girls, to say nothing of their mother; but even if I said them I never supposed the words would be used against me. The terrible fact, however, remains. I had no intention of going to Paris, and now it is settled that we are all to go there.

I think it was Helen who began the insidious campaign. She was sitting over an absorbing piece of embroidery and had not spoken for some time. Suddenly she broke the silence: "Have you fixed the day yet?" she said.

"What day?" said I.

"The day for our going, you know."

"Going where?" I asked.

"Going to Paris."

"Going to Paris!" I laughed. "Why, you funny little person, what's put that into your head? We're not going to Paris."

Thereupon, without a word, she gathered up her work, stuck her needle carefully into it, rose from her chair, gave a deep reproachful sigh and left the room.

During the rest of that evening the subject was not referred to again; but on the following day Rosie, who is plump and eleven and very candid for her age, developed what I now perceive to have been another flank attack.

"Daddy!" she said.

"Halloa!" said I.

"Are there lots of hotels in Paris?"

"Yes, any amount."

"What are their names?"

"Oh!" said I, "there's the Bristol, and the Chatham, and the Ritz, and Meurice's, and the Hôtel d'Iéna and hundreds of others."

"Which is the nicest?"

"They're all pretty good, in one way or another."

"I see. Which are we going to stay at?"

"We! We're not going to Paris."

"Daddy!"

"I don't know what you're all driving at with your Paris. I never dreamt of going to Paris."

"Daddy!!"

And with that expression of amazement and pain she, too, evaporated in a sigh out of the room.

On the next day Peggy took up the fighting. She skirmished into the library and, finding me hard at work, offered to dance or recite to me or to talk French to me. I begged to be excused.

"I thought," she insinuated, "you'd like some French. We've been having a French lesson. Guess what we've been doing."

"Grammar?" I said.

"Yes, and something else."

"Reading?"

"And something else."

"Writing?"

"Yes; but you must guess what kind of writing."

"Letter-writing?" I suggested.

"How clever you are, Dad! I always say you can guess anything. We've been writing letters to hotels in Paris."

"What on earth about?"

"Ordering rooms, you know. Here's my letter. Mademoiselle hasn't corrected it, but if it's all right you can send it off. We like to save you trouble, you know, Dad."

She then produced a soiled scrap of paper and laid it before me. "Mademoiselle said some of the things," she explained, "but I did the writing." These were the mystic words I read:—

"MONSIEUR,—J'ai l'intention de passer huit ou dix jours à Paris et je vous prie de me faire connaître le tarif de une chambre à coucher à deux lits et une chambre et une autre chambre à deux lits et une chambre pour la femme de chambre de madame."

"Agree Monsieur mes sincères salutations."

"Yes," I said, "it's first-class; and if we were going to Paris I'd send that letter and no other. But we're not—"

"Not going to Paris, Dad?" she interrupted.

"No, certainly not."

"Dad!!! You're pretending," and away she danced.

I need not linger over a description of the overwhelming frontal attack carried out by the main body after these three preliminaries had been thus feebly opposed. Everybody will know how it went:—"You really shouldn't have put the idea into the children's heads. Well, if you didn't I don't know how they got hold of it. If you meant to disappoint them you shouldn't have spoken about it at all. No, you're quite wrong: that isn't in the least illogical. It's the plain truth. And after all it just does happen that we can afford it, and the girls will remember it all their lives, and you know you wouldn't enjoy it without them, and they really want a change, and so do you and I for the matter of that." This will serve as an outline.

The upshot is that we are going to Paris. I suppose I ought to have realised my fate from the very first, instead of spending myself in a perfectly unavailing struggle.

TO A VACUUM CLEANER.

(On the Occasion of an Annual Visitation.)

ENGINE infernal, whom I would not greet

With other than the most opprobrious titles,
Rough men have just installed you in the street,
Nay, even now uncoil in countless fest

Your dust-extracting india-rubber vitals.

And so I fly, for were I to remain

Assailed all day by your continual clatter,
You must, ere nightly shades descend again,
Reduce my never too prolific brain
To the consistency of molten batter.

In other years, when Spring's benignant sway

Upon the waiting earth was gently stealing,
There came a van on some appointed day,
With men who bore the carpets far away
To have them beaten in remotest Ealing.

But now that times have changed, and things like you

Annihilate all chance of inspiration,
I'm off to roam fresh woods and pastures new,
To talk with Nature for a day or two
And tell her of this latest visitation.

She will not marvel if my mood be glum,

And when I make it clear to whom I owe it,
She'll listen, sympathetically dumb;
For Nature, too, abhors a vacuum
And will commiserate a pestered poet!

DRAWING THE LINE.

The Chalk Line—by FABIAN WARE and NORMAN MACOWAN at the Queen's—is a melodrama of the sort which makes you want sometimes to laugh and sometimes to sink out of sight beneath your tip-up chair. It is all about our Dear Old Country (*Cheers from the patriots*) and Foreign Spies (*Greans from the patriots*), and what the War Office (*Hisses from the patriots*) is going to do.

It is at this sort of drama that my admiration for actors reaches its extreme height; that they should be able to play these unreal parts with such a complete lack of self-consciousness astonishes me. In their case you or I would go through the play with a fixed sheepish expression, stopping occasionally to apologise to the audience for having to do it at all.

Take *Captain Grieg*, for instance. He is the gallant soldier who saved England in the Boer War and is now going to save her in the threatened war between England and X—. When he is off the stage, he is spoken of continually as a hero and the man to save the Dear Old Country. "Trust the Captain," says everybody to everybody else; "he'll pull Old England through." When he is on the stage he spends his time clasping people by the hand—not to say "How do you do?" or "Good-bye," but to pledge them to help him in his task of saving England. Now, how impossible for us to believe in ourselves when playing *Captain Grieg*. How impossible not to remember that we were quite ordinary people, with a handicap of 24 or a waist of 36, who, in the absence of any more remarkable "business" than handshaking, simply couldn't be taken seriously as Empire-savers. But Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS plays it with ease and conviction. It is wonderful.

There is no need to give the plot of *The Chalk Line*; and, on my part, no ability to explain why it is so called. The "chalk line" was the line which one of the characters walked along as a test of his sobriety, but how that provides the *motif* of the play I do not know. Most of the acting is quite good. Best of all was the performance of Mr. CHARLES V. FRANCE; he was the old laird who had invented a gas which would slay an army, and when he first came on the stage a sudden mist of reality descended for a moment upon it. M.

Topical Riddle of the Month.

Q. What is the favourite confection of the W.S.P.U.?

A. March-pane.



"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT ARE YOU READING THE PAPER YOU'RE SITTING ON?"

A PUNIC WAR.

To outward appearance Morris and I are on the most friendly terms, but it is nevertheless a fact that verbally we are in a state of incessant and barbarous warfare.

"I see *The Shire Advertiser* has printed a quotation from Old Pilkington's speech in capitals," he remarked to me this morning. "That man will be past all bearing now."

"He is a conceited ass," I agreed unsuspiciously.

"The curious thing is," continued Morris musingly, "that he can't see

what an egotistical humbug he is. It's stranger still when one remembers that he has always been noted for his capital I's."

I admit that the attack had been very skilfully disguised, and for a moment my forces were disorganised. I rallied them quickly, however, and hurriedly considered the position.

"At the same time," I remarked, glancing at the paragraph in question, "it is even more curious to reflect that small caps. should produce a swelled head."

Even as I dealt the blow I couldn't help feeling sorry for Morris.

THE QUESTION.

I'm in really a remarkable quandary,
A dilemma unexperienced before;
It's a case in which I have to be particularly wary
Lest I do what I might afterwards deplore;
And, although the breach of confidence is much against the grain,
With permission, I'll endeavour to explain.

There's a lady who has gloriously taken
The advantage that the present year confers
By proposing, with a force that one can hardly read unshaken,

To—excuse me if I blush—to make me hers.
As my own attempts at marriage have been very much amiss,
I should like to ask you what you think of this.

She's a person of most excellent endowment,
If she's hardly the ideal of one's dream;
And, you'll understand, although I'm undecided for the moment,

She's a lady whom to know is to esteem.
I may add that, with a fervour one would hardly like to damp,
She encloses me an envelope and stamp.

To accept, decline, refer her to my mother,
Would of course provide an answer, ay or nay;
But an awkwardness arises from the fact that there's another,

And I'm troubled as to what I ought to say;
As a fact, the other lady hasn't made the least advance,
But I'd like to wait and give her every chance.

For I love her. With an ever-growing hunger
I have found her ever sweet, but often cold;
It's undoubtedly the case that she's considerably younger
And may look on me as elderly or "old"!
And, indeed, it's on the cards that, if acquainted with the fact

Of my passion, she might think that I was cracked.

O my lady, I am hopeless, I am silly, oh,
I may be all that isn't to your taste,
But I love you, O my ladylove, I worship you like—billy-oh
Appeals to me as accurate and chaste;
But—to finish the apostrophe—the lady doesn't speak,
For she lacks the inclination, or the cheek.

So you see it. There's a claim, which seems the stronger,
From a lady whom there's much to recommend;
And perhaps it isn't prudent to be waiting any longer
With my youth and beauty drawing to an end;
While you can't postpone an answer to the distant by-and-bye

When a lady sends a stamp for a reply.

Yet the Other who's away, if she were willing,
If that Other, whom just now I can't get at,
Were to love me—and she may—oh, that would simply be too killing;

Oh, my readers, what a tragedy were that!
Yet, suppose I found she didn't, it would mean a heavy loss;
To the gods I give the matter. I shall toss.

DUM-DUM.

A Prophet—in another Country.

"The ceremony was performed by the Dean of Westminster in the presence of the Primate (Dr. Clifford)."—*Adelaide Express*.

THE LAST RESORT.

Extract from "The Daily Boast," March 5:—

At a specially summoned meeting of the Gooseage Ratepayers' Association held at the Town Hall a few days ago, it was unanimously decided to take the whole front page of *The Daily Boast* for one day to advertise the attractions of that delightful seaside resort.

This enterprise—entailing as it does the expenditure of £500 (not 50s., as one of the speakers at the meeting stated)—is sure to attract the greatest attention, and in anticipation we give a few details of this beauty-spot.

Situated 'twixt moor and sea, the air is stated by the Town's Publicity Dept. to be found in great profusion. The temperature is kept uniformly between 60° and 70°, while a Bye-Law requires that all rain should fall between the hours of 10 P.M. and sunrise. But perhaps the greatest attraction of all is the bathing, the water here possessing that degree of salinity which the upper reaches of the Thames just miss and which the Dead Sea so overdoes. Indeed, for some years the only drawback to Gooseage has been the fact that *The Daily Boast* did not appear at breakfast time; but this will now be remedied. In view of the probable rush of visitors we have decided to run a *Daily Boast* Special, which will bring *The Daily Boast* into Gooseage in time for delivery with the morning rasher.

Extract from "The Daily Boast," March 6:—

The nation's interest in Gooseage is growing. All day long yesterday we were kept busy answering enquiries. A well-known Harley Street physician rang up to ask if Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had ever lived at Gooseage; the answer is in the negative. Another enquirer asks: What are the apartments like? A gentleman who spent a week there last year says they cannot be bettered. He changed his rooms seven times, yet at the end was unable to say that he was any more comfortable than he had been at first. Yet another, a City man, asks: Is there a good telephone connection with London? To test the matter, we rang up during the busiest time of the day 3127 Blackpool, and we got on to 4127 Gooseage (the number we required) in less than ten minutes.

Gooseage is not without its mention in literature. GEORGE BORROW says: "By making a détour we avoided Gooseage;" Sir A. CONAN DOYLE writes: "Ten miles to the right, covered with an impenetrable fog, lay Gooseage;" while BRADSHAW, in his bright little monthly magazine, remarks: "Gooseage, 147½ miles from Euston, *via* L. & N.W. Rly."

Letter from Hugh Jones, Esq., Advertising Manager, "Daily Boast," to John Scattergood, Esq., Secretary Gooseage Ratepayers' Association, dated March 7th:—

DEAR SIR,—Adverting to the resolution passed by your Association to secure the whole front page of this paper, I shall be glad to receive your application for space. The only days vacant during the next five years are March 16, 1912, and January 27, 1914.

Yours sincerely, HUGH JONES.

Letter from John Scattergood, Esq., Secretary Gooseage Ratepayers' Association, to Hugh Jones, Esq.

SIR,—At a specially summoned meeting of the Gooseage Ratepayers' Association it was unanimously decided:—(1) That owing to the enormous demand for apartments during the coming season far exceeding all anticipation, the advertising scheme be dropped. (2) That a letter of thanks be sent to *The Daily Boast* for its efforts on our behalf.

Yours truly, JOHN SCATTERGOOD.



Our Chairman (who thinks all Scotch singers are Harry Launders). "MR. BROWN 'AS KINDLY CONSENTED TO SING 'AULD ROBIN GRAY.' I'M SHOR YOU'LL BE 'GHLIY AMUSED!"

THE WHITE ELEPHANT SALE.

MY DEAR ELAINE,—I wonder if you have heard of the latest device for the alleviation of life—the White Elephant Sale? Used with discretion, it is really great. The idea is this. Every one has one or two things that they don't want—not exactly rubbish, but some article or other which fights with one's own taste. Usually these are wedding presents and are kept hidden away, except when the persons who gave them come to dinner. But after a while, as time goes on and memories become dim, it is safe to get rid of them, and not very difficult either, because what one person hates another likes. For example, you yourself cannot endure the sight of an *épergne*, and you have a very handsome one. Mrs. Mackinder at the Laurels thinks no house complete without an *épergne*, but the parlourmaid has just broken hers (having had some bad news about her married sister in Durban which upset her nerves), and if your *épergne* were sent to a White Elephant Sale Mrs. Mackinder would most certainly buy it; while it is on the cards that she has something in her house that offends her commonplace eyes—a

Sheraton wine cooler, say—which you would make every effort to acquire if you saw it in a White Elephant Sale. Now you understand what a White Elephant Sale is; and, used with discretion, as I said, the institution can be most valuable.

But you must exercise discretion. . .

Let me tell you what has just happened here, where our first White Elephant Sale has been held. Mrs. Cawston, whom I fancy you once met, a little fluffy expensive woman with a titled aunt, sent an embroidered hand-bag which that aunt gave her last Christmas. It was one of those costly things which no one could possibly use and which are made for exchange among friends at that terrible season. Looking at it, ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would say that it came from Bond Street and cost four guineas. The tragedy is that it didn't, and that Mrs. Cawston's titled aunt motored over unexpectedly—that's one of the awful things about motors, that they do things unexpectedly—a distance of eighty-five miles, on the day of the sale, and, arriving when Mrs. Cawston was at the sale, went on there to find her. You see what hap-

pened. The very first thing that the titled aunt saw was her Christmas present, with a half-guinea ticket on it, and she knew it was hers because, so far from coming from a Bond Street shop, it was made under her own eyes by a Russian refugee in whom she took an interest. . . .

Nothing that Mrs. Cawston could say helped matters in the least, and now the titled aunt has another favourite niece.

So you see you will have to be careful when you start White Elephant Sales at Crowborough; but start them you certainly will.

Your affectionate MOLLIE.

"The jaguar has presented the Society with a cub, which seems healthy enough if the squeals and squeaks coming from the darksome corner where it was born may be taken as evidence, and a wild-cat from Ross-shire."—*Globe*.

The Jaguar: "Anything, dear old CHALMERS, that you want in the cat line, be sure to let me know."

Roused by the news that a Suffragette has made a speech from the interior of a lion's cage, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has decided to give an exhibition of even greater courage. He will speak from a den of doctors.



THE "OOFY" GOLDBERGS ABROAD.

SCENE—The lounge of the Royal Grand Riviera Palace Hotel.

Reginald de Vere Ta'bot (who has been dancing with Miss Goldberg). "CONFOUND IT! THERE'S THAT FELLOW WHO'S BEEN BUMPIN' INTO US ALL THE EVENIN'. WHAT ON EARTH IS HE DOIN'!"

Miss Goldberg. "OH! NEVER MIND HIM—HE'S ONLY OUR DETECTIVE. FATHER WON'T LET ME WEAR MY JEWELS AT THESE HOTELS UNLESS HE'S ON DUTY."

A STAR IN THE NIGHT.

[It appears that the Alfreton miner who was the first man to come out on strike has been engaged to appear at London music-halls at a salary of £20 a week. The following lines are an attempt to catch the spirit of thankfulness with which the poorest portion of the audience will presumably witness his performance.]

THERE won't be nothing for dinner,
For there ain't no meat to carve;
And the missus is looking thinner,
And soon we shall probably starve;

And it ain't any use proposing
As I ought to find some work,
For the factory doors are closing
And the skies are all pit-murk.

But we must have fun and laughter
So long as our breath is drawn,
And so long as beneath this rafter
There's anything left to pawn.

They say there's a rare sensation
At the old Frivolity Hall
That's "elicitin' acclamation
Nightly" from one and all.

And I think, by putting the table
And the bsdstead up the spout,

And a pair of boots, we'll be able
To go for a last good shout.

It's a brighter turn and a jollier
Than FRAGSON or LITTLE TICH,
And they call it "The Comic Collier,"
Or "The bloke who struck it rich."

He was only a Derbyshire miner,
A slaver up there by the Peak,
And thrifty with every shiner
Of his four-pound-ten a week,

Till the strike came on that 's dammin'
The stream of the nation's luck,
And has brought despair and famine,
And he was the first wot struck.

And they said to him, "Be an artist,"
And he wrote back, "Right you are"
(For the best jobs go to the smartest),
And now he's a blooming star.

By all accounts it's a grand turn,
He comes in his mining togs,
With a sort of a pick and a lantern
And dances a dance with clogs.

And he looks right up at the gallery
And tells in his feeling way
How he climbed to his present salary,
Which is six-pounds-six a day.

He is a regular piece of quality,
So as soon as we've pawned them
things
We're off to the old Frivolity
To hear what the new star sings.
EVOE.

"He gets the interesting result that an upper-upper-lower-upper (lower-lower-upper-lower) semi-continuous function is an upper-lower-upper (lower-upper-lower) semi-continuous function."—*Nature*.

We had a vague idea that this might be so, but we didn't like to say anything.

"Comfortable bedroom, use of sitting-room and breakfast."—*Advt. in "British Weekly."*

Anyone using the breakfast for more than twenty minutes will be charged extra.

The Blackleg.

Advertised under "Domestic Servants Wanted" in *The Evening News*:—
"Cob, 7 years, 14.2."

Echoes of the Strike.

Passenger: Why are we so late?
Guard: Well, Sir, the train in front was behind, and this train was behind before besides.

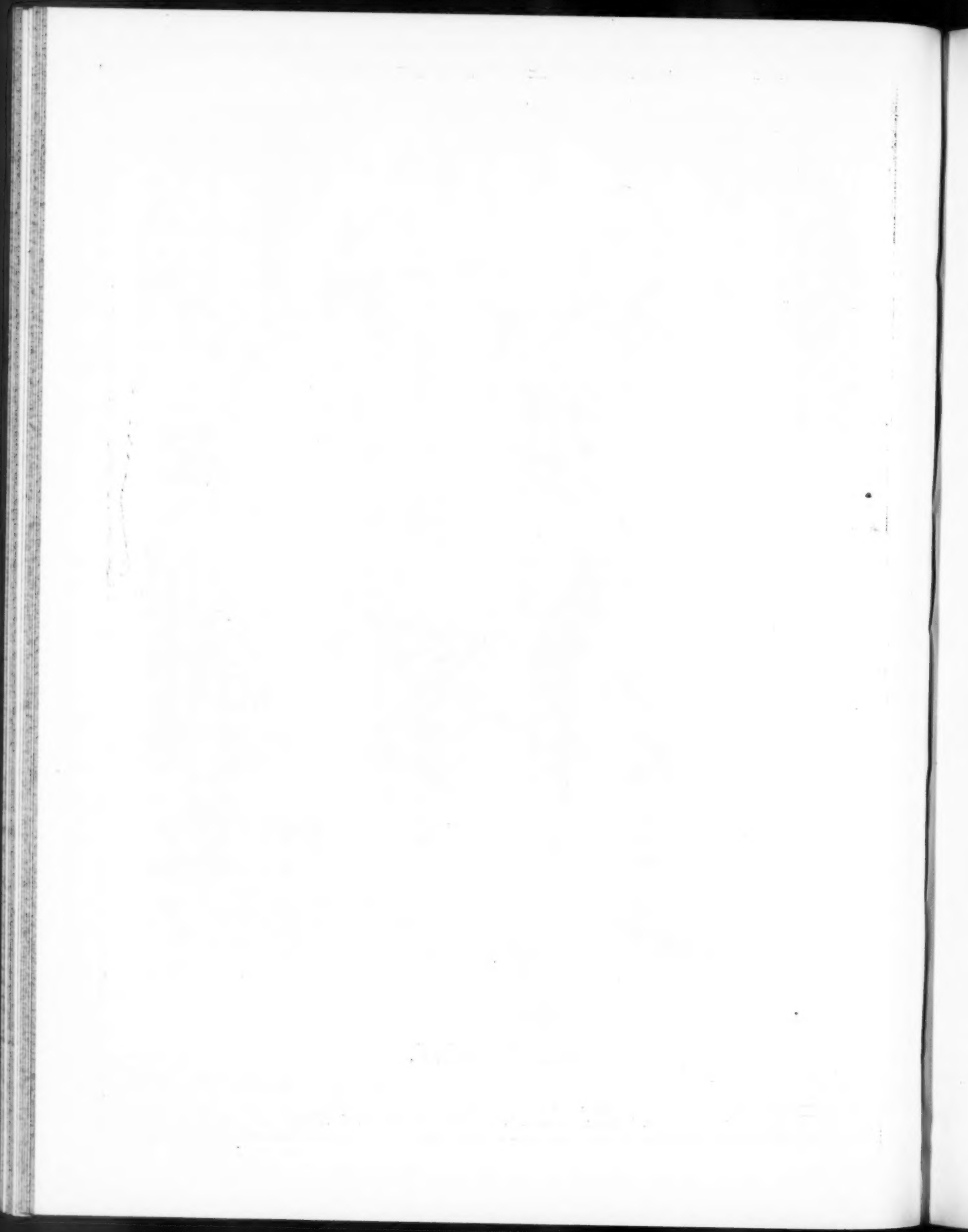


SET STORMY.

LIBERAL BY-ELECTION CANDIDATE. "I SAY, THIS LOOKS PRETTY HOPELESS. STILL GOING DOWN."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "OH! IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW YEARS."

LIBERAL BY-ELECTION CANDIDATE. "YES; BUT I'VE GOT TO GO OUT NOW."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 4.

—In crowded House, silenced by intense interest, PREMIER made expected statement with respect to current condition of Coal Strike. Was himself evidently impressed by momentous character of crisis that not only leaves wageless half a million men but paralyzes trade of the country with certainty that in particular instances it will irretrievably ruin it. Statement a masterpiece of lucidity, animated by spirit of absolute impartiality between contending forces. Model of summing up from judicial bench of intricate, nicely-balanced case. Related step by step cautious well-considered movement of Ministers as mediators. Without complaint or criticism showed how full development of plan had been arrested by dead wall of miners' ultimatum.

As PREMIER told them in interview at Foreign Office, they are to-day in a position which six weeks ago they would have regarded as unattainable. Sixty-five per cent. of the coal-owners agree that a reasonable minimum wage shall be established. This the miners ready to accept. But their idea of compromise being that they take everything and give nothing, they insist upon fixing amount of the minimum. This too much for employers; so Conference broke up, masters going off one way, men the other.

"This conclusion of the matter," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "was inevitable from the first. More than a month ago the miners resolved that if the masters did not by the twenty-ninth of February capitulate all along the line there would be a national strike. Not likely complete surrender would take place. Accordingly holiday was assured. It has been eagerly looked forward to week by week, day by day. It presented unexampled opportunity. The coal-miner, even when wages are low, is apt to lengthen his week-end by taking in Monday. In prosperous times such as have prevailed of late in the coalfields, he finds that at current wage-rate four days and a-half per week bring in sufficient for beer, baccy and manly sports, leaving some-

thing for the missis to provide food withal.

"That commonplace. Enjoyment marred by repetition. Here was promise of playtime that must certainly extend over a week, might run to three, even more. There would be strike pay, and though there might be less food for wife and children, beer and

"And who are we that rebuke or complain of this attitude? Anyhow, there it is, and it has much to do with a coal famine that starves a nation. A school deprived at the last moment of its Easter Holiday would not be more bitterly disappointed than would have been coal-miners had ASQUITH's benevolent, patriotic effort to avoid a strike been successful."

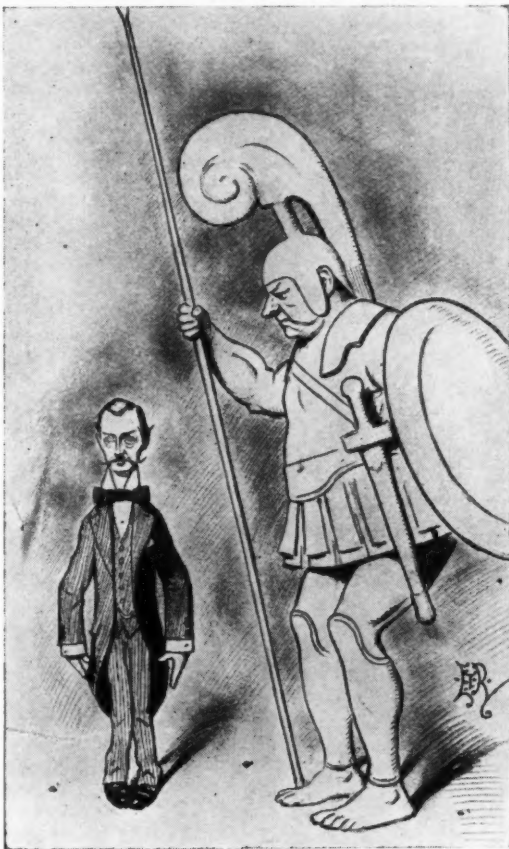
Business done.—SEELY explains Army Estimates of coming year.

Tuesday.—No one can fully realise the importance and variety of interests affecting an Empire on which the sun never sets till they have sat through the Question Hour. Under direction of HADJI BABA MORRELL, Persia leads off. HADJI BABA rather depressed owing to little difficulty in connection with sumptuary prejudices. Conceived happy thought that since he knows more about Persia than any other man who has never lived there it would be appropriate to present himself in the flowing and becoming costume of the Eastern race. Idea perhaps not original. Remembers how in heat of last summer DON'T KEIR HARDIE presented himself in a reach-me-down suit of white drill, clad in which he was accustomed to pace the bazaars of ancient Ind. No objection taken to that interesting exhibition. But when H. B. hints at appropriateness of Persian garb whilst heckling FOREIGN SECRETARY the authorities frowned dissent.

So here he is in ordinary British costume, masterpiece of a Burnley tailor. Nothing can permanently damp his inquisitiveness or curtail his encyclopædic knowledge about Persian affairs, foreign and domestic. Fires off eleven questions, answered by EDWARD GREY with signs of conscious guiltiness successfully hidden under official phrases that convey minimum of information.

Next comes Dr. FELL wanting to know (the reason why I cannot tell) where the various orders of decoration distributed at the Delhi Durbar were manufactured?

This naturally suggests to ROWLAND HUNT khaki collars. Insists upon SEELY explaining "why, in view of the fact that the officers of the Guards regiments are allowed to wear turn-down khaki collars when in khaki, the



The Indignant Ajax. "Look here, my young friend! I don't so much mind your calling Arthur Lee a 'terrier,' but next time you apologise for me, I'll trouble you not to call me a 'rabbit'!"

(Lord HALDANE and Mr. H. J. TENNANT.)

[“In this case the Secretary of State did make a mistake. He confessed that if he himself had made a mistake he would not like to be shaken about by Mr. Lee as a terrier shakes a rabbit.”—Mr. TENNANT.]

baccy would be all right. Besides, look at the glory of the thing. The coal-miner finds himself acknowledged as the Bunty who Pulls the Strings of national prosperity, even of existence. It's a holiday with bands playing, flags flying, and he the hero. Hard, of course, upon hundreds of thousands of chums in other trades. That's the masters' fault. For the miner, let him eat, drink, and loaf round the corner of public-houses, for to-morrow or the day after he will be at work again.



"Seely makes light answer designed to turn away wrath."

(Col. SEELY.)

officers in other regiments of the Army are not allowed to do so; and why they are compelled to wear stiff stand-up collars either with or without the addition of a stiff linen collar?"

SEELY makes light answer designed to turn away wrath. Thoughtful Members take more serious view. Was not the Indian Mutiny traceable to distribution of greased cartridges? Who can say that the spectacle of the pampered Guardsman sporting his turned-down khaki collar may not lead to mutiny in other regiments where officers are compelled to wear stiff turned-up collars with or without the addition—and here is the sublimation of refinement of cruelty that recalls the Spanish Inquisition—of a stiff linen collar.

In the order of the Army Council forbidding horses to be either clipped or groomed during the winter months, with intent to save expense of horse-rugs, LANE-FOX discovers another influence gnawing at the vitals of the Army. O'DOWD puts pistol to head of POSTMASTER-GENERAL, and insists on knowing "whether he can explain his reasons for discontinuing the mail-car service between Ballymote and Tubbercurry, and substituting therefor the services of an ordinary rural postman."

LANE-FOX returning to the charge wants to know what about Mr. Dodson of Sprotborough's pigs, upon whom the Board of Agriculture have imposed a term of eight months' quarantine?

Harassed Ministers eye the clock with feverish anxiety. Sigh of relief heard from Treasury Bench when hand points to quarter to four and the inquisition is over.

Business done.—After two days' talk, House resolves itself into Committee on Army Estimates.

Friday.—From time to time hear of land erosion round our coasts. More serious news comes from the far Pacific disclosing fresh iniquity on part of doomed Government. They have positively abandoned Palmyra Island, and it is reported, though without official confirmation, that United States have snapped up the treasure. It was GEORGE LLOYD (very different thing from LLOYD GEORGE) who flashed discovery on perturbed House.

ACLAND replying on behalf of Foreign Office weakly explained that British protectorate over the island had been declared in connection with Pacific Cable. Finding more suitable quarters in neighbouring island Palmyra was abandoned.

"Has it any value, and is it inhabited?" sternly asked another Member.

"It was once sold for a dollar," ACLAND admitted. And it could not be said to be uninhabited since it was peopled by crabs.

"That's all very well," said BANEURY.

"But this is what we have occasionally heard alluded to as the thin end of the wedge. If this Government lasts



"What about Mr. Dodson of Sprotborough's pigs?" (Mr. G. R. LANE-FOX.)

another twelve months we shan't have an outlying island left. I can scarcely sleep in my bed for fear that one of the halfpenny morning papers will bring me news with my breakfast that the German flag is flying over the Isle of Sheppey."

Business done.—Confirming Mr. Punch's private information (Cartoon, 28th February), PRIME MINISTER announces that Welsh Church Dis-

establishment Bill will take precedence of Home Rule Bill, the former to be introduced before Easter, the latter standing over.

MY GRIEVANCE.

I HAVE read IT for many years. With IT (in spirit of course) I have defied at various times France, Russia and Germany to mortal conflict. I have shuddered with IT in anticipation of the great wars of 1902—1910. I have eaten ITS bread, and last spring I painfully cultivated sweet peas at ITS behest. With IT I have groaned at the prospect of food taxes and also at the prospect of the lack of food taxes. With it (in spirit, again) I have flown the Channel and soared over the British Isles. At ITS command I faced the CHANCELLOR and with calm courage declined to lick a single stamp. IT has made me take rooms at Swanage for the summer, and IT forced me into a front seat for *The Miracle*. And why not? Is IT not the Daily Miracle?

And now IT has deceived me.

For months IT has warned me against the purchase of coal. IT showed me the greed of middlemen and the impossibility of a strike. My neighbours hurried to the coal-dealers, whilst I, confident in IT, scoffed at them. Brown has even his attics stocked with coke. The coal sacks of Jones are to be found even under his billiard-table. Robinson has a mountainous pile of cobbles in his back garden. Smith boasts to me that his truck-load will last till midsummer—by which time he predicts we shall have Tariff Reform with higher wages for miners and consequently cheaper coal, or else red revolution, when we shall be able to warm ourselves by the embers of our neighbours' houses. They sneer at me for trusting IT. Brown, who reads *The Daily Express*, warns me against the sensational press. Whilst Robinson, a weird person who says he reads *The Daily News*, tells me to put no trust in papers whose proprietors pander to the gambler.

And I, who trusted IT so confidently, am left with an empty cellar. The only illumination in my grate is the flame of a burning *Daily Mail*. Am I to burn a thousand copies per day so that I may be able to defy the rigour of an English spring? Has that been ITS diabolical design all through?

I am, I hope, a humane man; but if it were feasible, I should like to roast ITS staff over a slow coal fire.

Only I doubt whether any of my selfish neighbours would lend me coal even for such a laudable purpose.



Angler (fast in big salmon which is sulking behind a rock, despairingly). "WHAT'S TO BE DONE?"
Donald (regarding the case as almost hopeless). "I CANNA UNDERTACK ONNY RESPONSIBEEILITY."

BREAKING-UP SONG.

Now, when the ties that lightly bind us
 Slacken awhile at the call of Home,
 Leaving our latter-day science behind us,
 Leaving the love of ancient Rome—
 Ere we depart to enjoy for a season
 Freedom from regular work and rules,
 Come let us all in rhyme and reason
 Honour the best of schools.

Here's to our Founder, whose ancient
 bounty

Freely bestowed with a pious care,
 Fostered the youth of his native county,
 Gave us a name we are proud to bear.

Here's to his followers, wise gift-
 makers,

Friends who helped when our num-
 bers were few,

Widened our walls and enlarged our
 acres,

Stablished the school anew.

Here's to our Head, in whom all
 centres,

Ruling his realm with a kindly sway;
 Here's to the Masters, our guides and
 mentors,

Helpers in work and comrades in
 play;

Here's to the Old Boys, working their
 way up

Out in the world on the ladder of
 Fame;

Here's to the New Boys, learning to
 play up,

Ay, and to play the game.

Time will bring us our seasons of trial,
 Seasons of joy when our ship arrives,

Yet, whatever be writ on the dial,

Now is the golden hour of our lives;

Now is the feast spread fair before us—

None but slackers or knaves or fools

Ever shall fail to swell the chorus,

"Here's to the best of schools."

From a ticket of the Concert-Goers'
 Club:—

"EVENING DRESS,
 NOT TRANSFERABLE."

Being now certain of the safety of our
 reversible Richard, we shall attend.

"It was incumbent on those who planned a
 local museum to make ample provision for the
 storing of such objects and their preservation
 from injury as well as from the staff of officials
 who looked after them."—*Northern Whig*.

Motto of the thigh-bone of local mam-
 moth: "Save me from the Secretary."

THE COLLABORATORS.

THE beauty of criticising a play in a
 weekly paper is that you can read first
 what the daily papers say about it and
 then point out how ridiculously wrong
 they are. This gives you—as Mr. Chester
 Coote would have explained in French
 to *Kipps*—a *point d'appui*. ("Oo!"
 from *Kipps*). So I begin by recording
 my objection to the criticism that
Kipps of the play is not the simple
 lovable soul which *Kipps* of the book
 was. I found him even more lovable.
 As played by Mr. O. B. CLARENCE, he
 kept my sympathy and affection
 throughout the evening; indeed, there
 were times when I could hardly keep
 from crying out, "Oh, you dear!" For
 Mr. CLARENCE brings laughter and
 tears very close together. His *Kipps* is
 never simply a figure of farce, as in the
 hands of another actor it might easily
 have become. And the technical skill
 of the performance is amazing. Every
 gesture and movement is right; every
 fleeting expression of the face is a con-
 tribution to the complete character. Mr.
 CLARENCE, in short, is the real *Kipps*,
 and the play is therefore a success.

But I doubt, somehow, if Mr. WELLS and Mr. BESIER will collaborate again. I think they have each made a discovery by this time. Mr. BESIER has discovered that of all the difficult authors to dramatise, Mr. WELLS is the most elusive: the explanatory and parenthetic author whose dialogue is implied by dots and made lucid by a running comment of analysis. Delightful for the library; but for the stage—oh, no! And Mr. WELLS has discovered that a play isn't allowed to be a play, until it has submitted to a score of absurd conventions; that there are parasites of the theatre, named "technique" and "stagecraft," which suck the blood out of a living situation, and leave it what is called effective. All right for the dramatist who is inoculated; but for the poor novelist—well!

I figure to myself the struggle between Mr. BESIER's dramatic instincts and Mr. WELLS' literary and parental instincts . . . and the triumph of Mr. BESIER. In this way:—

THE BOOK: *Kipps* does not meet the grown-up *Ann* until after he is engaged to *Helen Walsingham*.

THE PLAY: He meets her just before he comes into his money.

[Mr. WELLS: Then he wouldn't have got engaged to *Helen*.]

Mr. BESIER: You don't understand. We must have *Ann* on in the First Act.]

THE BOOK: Mr. *Coote* was a house-agent with no financial interest in *Kipps*.

THE PLAY: He is the solicitor who has charge of *Kipps*' money.

[Mr. WELLS: But why?]

Mr. BESIER: It gives him a reason for coming into the shop in the First Act and introducing himself to *Kipps*.]

THE BOOK: *Kipps*, sick of society, comes into *Ann*'s kitchen late at night and makes her run away with him.

THE PLAY: Mr. *Coote* comes in a little later on a different errand.

[Mr. WELLS: But he couldn't possibly come!]

Mr. BESIER: Ah! but think what an effective situation you get—*Kipps* defying *Coote*!]

And so on. Yet, you know, Mr. BESIER has really done his work quite well (except for the final kitchen scene); and I doubt if there could be a better dramatic version of *Kipps* than this.

I have already spoken of Mr. CLARENCE, who is indeed the making of the play. Perhaps he might have shown a little more development in the six months between the Second and Third Acts; surely he would have learnt the limitations of brown boots in that time! On the other hand, I may be wrong in supposing that six months did elapse. I certainly thought *Ann* said so; but as against this it must be recorded that in both Acts it was summer. *Ann* was very prettily

played by Miss CHRISTINE SILVER, with an accent rather too refined and a manner which invited more sympathy than *Ann* of the book would have sought. Mr. RUDGE HARDING was perfect as Mr. *Chester Coote*; he had a good deal to do and did it uniformly well. Of the small parts, a word should be said for the excellent *Pierce* of Mr. GILBERT YORKE, a capital picture of a draper's assistant. These players and others help Mr. CLARENCE to give us a delightful evening's entertainment, which no lover of *Kipps* should fail to see.

M.

HINTS ON THE CARE OF THE PERSON.

A COLUMN FOR MEN.

THE HAIR.

WHEN the hat requires force to fix it in position, it is time to consider the question of getting the hair cut. If desired, a professional may be employed, but excellent results can be obtained by grasping each hair between the first finger and thumb of the left hand, stretching it to its full extent, and severing it by means of a fretsaw manipulated by the right. This process takes time. Do not be alarmed by falling hair. The fall is brought about by the normal action of gravity, as a little quiet thought will show. A good way to catch flies is to smear the hair thickly with a mixture of honey and treacle.

SHAVING.

Deep cuts inflicted while shaving should be carefully filled up with rubber solution.

THE ELBOWS.

Roughening of the skin at the elbows can be treated by holding them in boiling water for ten or fifteen minutes. If the joints creak, the injection of a little good cycle oil will form an amateur surgical operation of great interest.

THE WAIST.

It is advisable on the whole to leave this to nature, and to accept the result with resignation.

THE COMPLEXION.

This is an important matter. The cheeks should be scoured with good sandpaper each evening for ten minutes and afterwards rubbed with a hare's foot. Hares require careful training before they can be trusted to perform this operation intelligently, and a really capable animal cannot be too highly prized. Before retiring to rest, cover the pillow to a depth of one inch with melted tallow. Sleep face downwards. It is necessary under these conditions to

breathe through the ears, which requires practice. Use only the best soap for toilet purposes. Every kind of soap is the best.

THE NAILS.

These should be trimmed from time to time by means of scissors, knife, clippers or an ordinary grindstone. It is a pretty practice to have the nails of the index fingers carved into silhouette representations of one's fiancée.

THE EARS.

In cold weather these sensitive organs should be protected by means of red flannel coverings; in hot, a small piece of ice should be inserted in each and renewed when necessary. Earache cannot be cured by extraction, and the operation, though frequent in the Middle Ages, is not now attempted. The ears should not be used as pen-racks or cigarette cases, nor is it in the best of taste to gesticulate with them.

THE TEETH.

Grinding the teeth is not often resorted to except upon the stage, where the care bestowed on personal appearance is sometimes carried to excess. It is satisfactory to note that the need for universal military training is becoming recognised, and the drilling of teeth is, according to dental statistics, largely on the increase. Chewing coke was at one time considered to promote a healthy condition of the molars; but it should be discontinued during times of Strike.

THE EYEBROWS.

These should occasionally be singed. The best way is to hold them over a gas jet until a sizzling noise is heard.

ARE SECOND THOUGHTS BEST?

IN the course of a vivacious interview with a representative of *The Standard*, Signor MASCAGNI recounts how the illustrious VERDI conceived a strong repulsion to *Cavalleria Rusticana*, but, on making a second trial, not only modified his hostile verdict, but was converted to admiration of its melodic beauties. His remarkable experience has prompted a well-known spiritualist, who for the present desires to preserve his anonymity, to obtain from a number of other old masters, famous in the spheres of art and action, estimates of the work and achievements of their living successors. The results we are now in a position to lay before our readers.

His first experiment was with PALESTRINA, who thus delivered himself on the subject of ELGAR's *Gerontius*. "ELGAR," remarked the eminent Italian maestro, "is a very brainy composer, and I have studied his score with great



Father (at end of lecture to son who has been "sent down"). "NOTHING, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO SHOW FOR ALL THE MONEY I'VE SPENT!"

Daughter. "HOW CAN YOU, FATHER, WHEN YOU KNOW THEY SAY THAT ALL THE BLOODS COPY HIS SOCKS AND WAISTCOATS!"

interest and satisfaction. At first I own that some of his harmonies and progressions struck me as rather odd, but in the end I have got to think them just lovely." The talented composer concluded his message with the interesting suggestion that if any of his works were performed at the Palace Music Hall, it might be re-named the Palestrina, or the Crystal Palestrina.

BEETHOVEN'S criticisms on the poetry and compositions of the GERMAN EMPEROR were extremely vivid and complimentary. Indeed, he went so far as to place him above DANTE and BACH, as he was a better conductor than the first and a better rhymers than the second. Very interesting, too, were his comments on STRAUSS'S *Elektra*. "On a first perusal of this score I came to the conclusion that it was the most hoggish (*schweinisch*) performance that had ever been perpetrated. But further study has induced me to revise my judgment, and I now unhesitatingly declare that it is at all points an enormous advance on my own *Fidelio*.

After all, how infinitely more stimulating is the spectacle of triumphant revenge than that of insipid virtue!"

LORD MACAULAY was next invited to give his views on the letters of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, and with his usual gusto complied. "At the first blush," he observed, "I own that I was flabbergasted by what I considered to be the monotonous futility of these amazing documents. But a second reading has brought home to me the beauty of their lapidary style, the subtleness of their humour, the nobility of their philosophy. Happy editors, to whom your modern Cicero addresses their priceless gems of epistolary magnasinitivity!"

ADDISON'S acclamation of Mr. FILSON YOUNG as the essayist *par excellence* of the twentieth century is no less convincing in its enthusiastic sincerity. "To read 'The Things that Matter,'" he says, "in a modest sheet that creeps into the light of day a little before noon and never leaves it again, is not merely a liberal but an encyclopædic education. At first, I own it with

contrition, I thought these essayettes were the most unmitigated bilge. But I know better now. Nothing more poignant or soul-shaking in its grasp of the eternal verities has ever been said than Mr. FILSON YOUNG'S wonderful comment on the Channel: 'The Channel is very narrow, but all the traffic of the world goes across it.' That verily is well said. I have only to add that my old and not too pecunious friend, Sir RICHARD STEELE, says ditto to these remarks."

HANNIBAL'S tribute to Lord HALDANE is marked by the generosity which was one of the most characteristic traits of the famous Carthaginian. "I began," he observes, "with a rooted prejudice against him as a lawyer and a philosopher. But when I learned that he had declined to mount any other steed but an elephant—that noble beast to whose assistance I owe many of my greatest victories—my views underwent a complete change, and I now welcome him as the greatest strategist, organiser and man-scout since myself."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I THINK that Miss UNA L. SILBERRAD ought to have the vote. I say this without prejudice to the question of Women's Suffrage in general, and not because her latest novel, *Success*, has anything to do with the subject, for it hasn't; nor again, because it is published by CONSTABLE. The fact is, it deals mainly with engineering, and the authoress discourses so learnedly on the technical details of this very unfeminine science that she leaves a mere man aghast. Yes, I think she should certainly have the franchise under a special Act. *Success* is the story of *Michael Annarly*, a genius who had invented, amongst other things, an aerial torpedo, and was dismissed by his firm nominally because he had made overtures for the sale of certain other plans to foreign companies, but really because his own employers believed that they had sucked his brains and could dispense with him. He went after this to live with his cousin, *Nan Barminster*, and her father, who kept a second-hand furniture shop in Soho; and in creating *Nan Barminster* the writer has performed that very difficult feat of evolving a heroine not only plain but insignificant in appearance and yet thoroughly attractive and interesting. There are other good characters in the book, and considering how small a space is given to them, the members of the Annarly family in particular stand out with a wonderful distinctness. I don't exactly know why Miss SILBERRAD called her story *Success* when she wrote it, for it was only by means of a chance legacy that *Michael* was at last enabled to regain his reputation, but I hope that the title will justify itself as a piece of prophecy.

I am grateful to Major GAMBIER-PARRY for having written, and to Messrs. SMITH, ELDER & Co. for having published, *Murphy: A Message to Dog-Lovers*. I include myself, without definite classification, among "the good, the great, and the insignificant" in "that vast host in the human family that loves dogs," and to whom the book is inscribed by its gallant and gentle-minded author. I assure him that in one case at least his message has gone straight home. In truth this is a most delightful book. It is the simple history of an Irish terrier, a beautiful and supremely intelligent animal who devoted to the service and joy of his master an unsurpassable genius for love and friendship. His span of life was of five years only, but great natures cannot be measured in terms of time, and *Murphy* could have been no better had he been a centenarian. In these pages *Murphy's* master pays a noble and touching tribute to his dead companion. Sympathy, tender insight and restraint mark every line of it. Nothing is here for mawkishness, and in Major GAMBIER-PARRY's kind and generous and affectionate book there is not a mawkish

word. There are two charming portraits of the hero drawn by his master. Let dog-lovers all the world over read this book. They will be as grateful for it as I am.

I have written one opinion of Mr. GILBERT CANNAN'S *Little Brother* (HEINEMANN), but have torn it up because I did not consider that my praises were sufficiently explicit. I compared it with *Tristram Shandy*, not unfavourably, and remarked that Mr. CANNAN was obviously under the influence, but no mere imitator, of the great STERNE. There may be those to whom my *Uncle Toby* and *Mr. Shandy* are not the perfect thing, and, so that all may be fully informed, the pupil must be judged without further reference to the master. He writes the history of *Stephen Lawrie*, an individual from the beginning of things at war with himself and the rest of humanity; his mental and sentimental

experiences of the world—Cambridge, more particularly, and the orthodox undergraduate, London and the *soi-disant* elect. At the back of it all there is something very like romance; in the foreground constant caprice and artful jests; and spread about it is philosophy, original but not artificial, satirical maybe, but only once or twice degenerating into a personal resentment against life. I don't know which is more diverting, his observation or his deduction; he has the intellectual woman, the eccentric and the *poseur* to perfection, and his analysis of a "scene" is positively deadly. Read it, and you will never again stoop to hypocrisy or resort to effect in your deportment in crises. Lastly, the reader must not be put off the book because I say that it is undeniably clever. I do not mean what he means, for there is not a suspicion of priggishness in the whole; it is just that brilliance of writing which never calls attention to itself and must prove a welcome

stimulant, almost, if I might say so, intoxicant, to every mind but that of the stick-in-the-mud.

The Journalistic Touch.

"A coal mine is a vast ramification of dark passages hundreds of thousands of feet beneath the surface."

In the same bright spirit of exaggeration we could say that this was a dark passage in an article by one of the "hundreds of thousands of HANDS" above the surface—namely Mr. CHARLES E. of *The Daily Mail*.

Tact.

Scene: The street in front of Messrs. Robinson & Crusoe's plate glass window. There is a sudden crash as Percy saunters by; and he turns round hastily, and sees to his horror that the lady with the hammer is an acquaintance of his.

Percy (nervous, but always the gentleman): Oh—er—it's Miss Jones! . . Er—good morning . . Can I—er get you a—a—policeman or anything?



House-hunter. "No, I DON'T THINK THIS WOULD DO. I DOUBT IF THERE'S A ROOM IN THE HOUSE LARGE ENOUGH TO SWING A CAT IN!"

Agent (to clerk). "PARKINS, JUST STEP ACROSS TO MISS SINGLETON'S—NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE—AND BORROW A CAT; ANY AVERAGE KIND WILL DO."